

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
December 1926 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*



Drawn by Martha Zehenter, Cisek Art Class, Vienna

Santa Claus is kept busy the whole year long. There are so many children in the world and all of them love Christmas and he does not want to disappoint one of them. He is a very old man now and has to wear thick woollen shoes to keep his feet warm. In the room where he sits the wooden birds sing, the baby dolls scream, the tin soldiers march and the balls roll about the whole day long. When the noise gets too great, he tells the bear to roar and then they are silent for a little while. But when the toys come into our world they can none of them move or speak by themselves, for Santa Claus knows that the children will do all that for them.



Nikola usually began his day by fetching two jars of fresh water for his mother. He filled them at the public fountain, loaded them on his donkey, and then he and the donkey trotted home along the sea wall.

The Teacher's Guide

By RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The December News in the School

Material to Interest Various Classes

Reading and Literature:

"Christmas Lanterns." Because of their literary quality, Miss Upjohn's stories always lend themselves to reading for appreciation. In this Christmas story description of differences of custom and environment is woven skillfully into narrative of world-around childish competition, forgiveness, and good sportsmanship. No matter what their nationality, the boys and girls in Miss Upjohn's stories and pictures are always alive, human, "like us." "Lu, the Judge," "A Forest Christmas," "The Cock and the Hen," will all interest reading classes.

Studies unusually helpful in teaching reading and literature are printed in *The Teacher's College Record*, October, 1926: "Studies in Appreciation," by Professor Franklin T. Baker (with practical suggestions on sixteen classics commonly taught in the grades); "Children's Interests in Poetry," by Miriam B. Huber; "The Imaginative Element in Poetry," by Professor Allan Abbott; "The Gates' Primary Reading Test," by Arthur I. Gates. Address the Bureau of Publications, Teacher's College, Columbia University,—yearly subscription \$2.50; separate number, thirty cents.

Geography and World Civics:

Austria—"The Cover; "Health Pilgrims."
Greece—"The Christmas Lanterns."
China—"Lu, the Judge."
Czechoslovakia—"The Cock and the Hen."
Russia, Norway, United States, Poland, Spain, South Africa, Yugoslavia—"The Juniors' Doll Exchange."

Health:

"Tommy's Dream," "Health Pilgrims of Austria."

Nature Study:

"A Forest Christmas."

Character Education or Ethics:

"Lu, the Judge," for perseverance, reliability, humility, kindness; "The Cock and the Hen," for unselfishness and an illustration of *all for one and one for all*; "Christmas Lanterns," for generosity, conquering jealousy, working together; "Junior Christmas Doings," for examples of unselfishness in action; "A Soldier's Thank-you Letter," for a brave man's ideal for manly boys and womanly girls.

Special Occasions:

From the play, "Tommy's Dream," the stories, the song, the poem, the accounts of how children in many places have expressed goodwill through practical deeds, can be woven splendid Christmas entertainments. The best celebration of all will be friendly deeds for others.

An especially happy idea is one carried out by some Juniors of northern Indiana. Drawing classes decorated blank cards for veterans in hospitals and other shut-in friends to send to their own families and acquaintances. Such cards should be very nicely done and should be sent well in advance of the holiday for which they are planned, so that the men can get them off in good time. Quite little folks may have a part in this, if they work carefully, because the cards which they are able to make are welcomed by the men to send to their own little folks at home.

"Light and Hope for Days that Follow"

In the official annual school report of Portland, Maine, for 1925-1926, there is a most interesting section on Junior Red Cross work done in the schools there. Though their service program is a year-round affair, naturally there was special activity at Christmas. The report says:

Gifts from girls and boys mean Christmas cheer, plus light and hope that will shine through all the days that follow. Sergeant Leroy Bragg, in behalf of the men at the Marine Hospital, wrote as follows—"The boys thought that the kiddies must be thinking of us a lot or they would not have put so much time into making and filling the stockings and painting the candy boxes. I heard one of the boys in my ward say that he had more pretty things for Christmas than he ever expected as his folks are a long way off. I have been asked by the boys to thank you for remembering us, as some have only the good things you folks gave them."

How very much in earnest the children were was shown by one class which, at the suggestion of their own members, freely gave up their annual Christmas tree in order to furnish dinners for two needy families. The report says: "A school tree, when the daily discipline is relaxed and mysteriously shaped packages hang alluringly from tinsel decorated boughs, is not lightly set aside by the average youngster." Back of all this splendid spirit on the part of the children was "a fine spirit of cooperation among the teachers throughout the city. Realizing the rare possibilities of Junior Red Cross, patriotic, humanitarian, and educational, they contributed much by suggestion and inspiration towards the solid foundation upon which this organization stands in the schools today."

Developing Calendar Activities for December

"Making Others Happy at Christmas"

HAVE you read the pathetic tale of Eeyore, the donkey, and his birthday gifts—an empty honey jar from Pooh, the teddy bear, and a burst balloon, the gift of Piglet? Your little folks will love it and your big folks, too, and perhaps even some of those oldest of all, in-between-sized folks. Christopher Robin had the real Junior spirit.

"And didn't I give him anything?" sadly.

"Of course you did," I said. "You gave him—don't you remember—a little—a little—"

"I gave him a box of paints to paint things with."

"That was it."

"Why didn't I give it to him in the mornnig?"

"You were so busy getting his party ready for him. He had a cake with icing on the top, and three candles and his name in pink sugar, and—"

"Yes, I remember," said Christopher Robin.

(By permission, from *Winnie the Pooh*, by A. A. Milne.
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The shy moral about the kind of presents that make people happiest applies to Christmas as well as to birthdays. From Berkeley, California, comes a useful reminder:

"The making of gifts is carefully and unobtrusively supervised, without suppressing the spontaneity of the children. The articles are made according to some high standard of workmanship. The thing given must be a gift of love, but it must also be a thing of worth and beauty."

(Fannie W. McLean, Junior Red Cross Adviser, Berkeley)

"Story Books as a Christmas Greeting"

The titles of several of the better book lists for children's reading, recommended as the basis of choice for books sent to Indian Partner Schools, will be sent upon request. Will you please remember that all books sent to Indian schools should have Junior Red Cross book plates in them? These will be furnished upon request. If you have a Partner School, books from the approved lists may be sent direct to that school; but please be sure that National Headquarters or your Branch Office receives a report giving the number of books, and the school to which these have been sent. If you have no regularly assigned Partner School, books should be sent to the Midwestern Branch Office, 1709 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

The appreciation with which books are received is illustrated in letters recently sent by Indian School Juniors of Rosebud, South Dakota. One of these letters reads:

DEAR RED CROSS JUNIORS:

As I have looked at some of the books that you sent us, I thought I would write and tell you how we will enjoy them later on. When the bad weather comes why then we will have to stay inside, and that is when we will read the books. We are all so glad that the books you sent are both for small and large children. The small children will enjoy hearing stories read to them, and they also like to see the pictures in the books. We have one hundred and thirty-one girls in school now and about the same number of boys. We have some books over in the girl's building in our living room and so we read those sometimes; and now we are very glad we have some more new ones. I thank you very much for sending us such nice books.

Your friend,

RAMONA C. WHITEHAWK.

A special letter will be sent upon request to schools interested in learning about the Indian Partner School project. From suggestions given in that letter teachers may choose one or several that they can carry out conveniently during the year.

"One Service Project in Every Class"

Every need is an opportunity. The world provides an overwhelming number of opportunities. Examples drawn from recent ones are typical of the many pressing needs reported. From a school for Russian refugee children in Bulgaria came an appeal for garments and bed linens. Among the things asked for were shirts for girls, knickers for boys, knickers for girls, undervests for boys, undervests for girls, dresses for girls, winter shirts for boys, summer shirts for boys, trousers. From the Philippines a request was received for layettes consisting of little white garments and also for children's rompers and blouses. From the San Francisco Office came appeals for clothing for the children of colored troops stationed on the Mexican border.

To get an idea of the variety of things constantly sent out both for these semi-permanent needs and for disaster emergencies, read in the American Red Cross Garment Manual, ARC 400, pages 29 to 34 and 38 to 46. Here are listed garments for children including dresses, aprons, chemises, petticoats, drawers, nightgowns, boys' blouses, suits, rompers and layettes. The insular layettes consist of thin, white dresses, muslin petticoats, blankets, pieces of old linen, flannel garments, diapers, flannel binders, wash clothes, soft towels. Instructions for making these are contained in the Manual.

When these appeals are received, as they are practically every week, they are referred to those schools which have indicated their willingness to make garments to be used for service. If you would like this project, let your Red Cross Chapter know, or if there is no local Chapter, let National Headquarters or the nearest Branch Office know; and definite instructions will be sent. By planning ahead, it is nearly always possible to work at least one service project into a term's course.

For Boys, Too, of Course

Remember that such opportunities are not confined to girls. There are many things for boys to make,—wooden toys for children, writing boards for the Veterans' Hospitals, costumers, plant stands, ferneries and other gifts which will lend great comfort to the Hospitals. Lists of these will be sent to anyone who plans to carry out some such project next semester and an assignment of a hospital will be given.

"A Second Portfolio by January First"

. . . Or a first portfolio. The countries recommended for those schools which are just beginning School Correspondence are: Esthonia, Poland (grade 6, up), Norway, Japan, Czechoslovakia, Canada, South Africa, U. S. Indian. Schools in regular correspondence with some foreign school already will continue this contact as before.

Fitness for Service Activities for December

"How May We Help Make Our Homes Healthier?"

A WELL grounded knowledge in the hygiene of the home and of ways and means of meeting the everyday as well as the special problems of the home is an essential part of Fitness for Service. Everyday problems of the home include assisting mother with the usual household duties, with the care of the small brother or sister, the bathing, the dressing and the care, in little intimate ways, of the baby. Helping mother when there is illness is a special problem and needs special preparation.

"Helping Mother So She Will Have Time to Rest"

If the children upon arising will throw back the covers of the bed over a high-back chair, shake up the pillows and when ready to leave the room, raise the window and close the door so that the rest of the house will not be chilled, it will materially save mother's time, for then the bed is ready to be made when mother goes to it. It will help still more, of course, for every one to make his own bed after breakfast.

Setting the Example at Home

If big brothers and sisters form good health habits such as keeping hands, pencils, etc., out of the mouth, washing the hands before going to the table, before helping mother with the food, and after coming from the toilet, the little ones in the family will be likely to follow the good example.

"It is impossible to emphasize unduly the importance of clean hands. Hands are prime offenders in distributing fresh bodily secretions, and germs both innocent and harmful. All health authorities agree on this point." (From *American Red Cross Textbook, Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick*, page 9.)

School boys and girls can also set the right example of covering every cough and sneeze with the handkerchief. They may draw up, to take home, a set of suggestions, with cartoons or pictures, showing careful use of the handkerchief. They may practice the proper disposal of used handkerchiefs. They may learn the use and disposal of paper handkerchiefs.

"Fresh Air"

The following discussion of ventilation, from the Red Cross Textbook, *Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick*, will be helpful:

"Air motion should be constant though not necessarily perceptible. Air about the body if motionless acts like a warm, moist blanket preventing the passage of heat from the body. Stagnant air is enervating. The following is a simple but effective device to increase humidity: Roll an ordinary desk blotter into a cone about eight inches in diameter at the base, and keep it constantly submerged for about one inch in a dish of water. The water rises to the top of the blotter and a large surface for evaporation is thus afforded." (See page 23.)

"The fact is now well established that diseases formerly thought to be transmitted by dust or even supposed to travel directly through the air, are carried on tiny particles of moisture and mucus expelled in coughing and sneezing. This mode of transmission is called droplet or spray infection. It is one of the most active agents in spreading certain kinds of communicable diseases, particularly such as influenza, colds and tuberculosis. Nevertheless, dust in motion is harmful. It irritates the lining membranes of the nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, even causing tiny wounds through which disease germs enter." (Pages 27-28.)

Ways to Help When Others Are Ill

If Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick is part of the school curriculum in the seventh or eighth grade, the students will have learned how to assist in the care of illness in the home. The patient who cannot get out of bed is no longer a problem for the student who can make the bed and change the sheets without disturbing the patient. She can prop him comfortably with pillows or substitute a backrest, such as a suitcase. She can improvise a table to hold a tray by knocking out the two long sides of a cracker box or orange crate.

Some Red Cross nurses are authorized instructors in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick and teach this certified course in the schools, in industrial organizations, to Girl Scouts and Camp Fire Girls, to Parent-Teacher Associations, and to various other organized groups. Sometimes such an instructor is employed by the local Red Cross Chapter and sometimes by a school. She may be the regular school nurse or public health nurse. If one of these, she probably visits in the home and therefore gives individual instruction in taking care of the sick person. This is one of the special problems of the home.

Some Related Activities

Pupils, both boys and girls, may enjoy preparing an exhibit of home devices to aid the sick, such as those that are mentioned above.

Little folks may enjoy making a booklet on such topics as "The Healthful Town," or "The Health of our School." Cut-outs can be used to emphasize the value of sanitary drinking fountains. Individual paper cups may be made as part of paper folding work.

Pupils may be interested in studying how their town helps with the care of the sick people in their own homes. They may list ways in which the individual can assist constituted authorities in health work.

A Dream of the Year 1950

"The real hand to hand struggle in the trenches is the war against insects and germs. Until we conquer them the world is not a fit place to live in."

"The day is coming when scientists, commanding a million trained soldiers, will complete man's conquest of the whole earth!"

"Let me tell you that this will be a world in which there will be more poetry, more music, more art. . . . When the discords and the cruelties of nature have been swept away we shall be better able to see her grace and hear her harmonies. It will be a world where the spirit of man is free at last."

These paragraphs are taken from a unique story, "When the Earth Trembled," published in the *Woman's Home Companion*, New York, October and November issues. In commenting on the significance of this story, the editor of the magazine remarks:

"There is one national organization which . . . is always prepared to jump in and go to work. The Red Cross carries on in peace-time as efficiently as it did when the bands were playing."

NOTE: This page was prepared in cooperation with the Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick Service of the American Red Cross.

The Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

The Ideals

THE following letter, sent out by the County Superintendent of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, is an admirable statement of the ideals of the Junior Red Cross program:

"Because I am interested in the possibilities offered by the Junior Red Cross, I am calling the attention of the teachers to some of its values. Junior Red Cross is a program of service, citizenship, and health. Your pupils must first join as a group by subscribing to a stimulating magazine which will be helpful to you in your classroom work. Elementary schoolrooms pay 50 cents and thereby subscribe to the *Junior Red Cross News* and receive the Junior Red Cross Calendar. High School groups pay \$1, for which they receive the magazine, *High School Service*. This constitutes group membership in the International Red Cross societies and signifies the willingness of a group of students to perform service. The particular projects can be worked out later by you and the pupils together. The Junior Red Cross Calendar will give suggestions suitable for your room. So much for group membership.

"Each pupil is asked to qualify for individual membership by willingness in service. The Red Cross furnishes for the wall a decorative Roll Call on which each student's name is placed as he in the true spirit of service shows at least in one instance the ability and willingness to serve. They offer also individual enrollment buttons carrying the pledge, 'I Serve.' Can you not see the possibilities in bringing about a wholesome schoolroom atmosphere?"

From the opposite section of our country a similarly interesting statement was received. It is quoted from the September number of the *Oregon Teacher's Monthly*:

"Junior Red Cross work has a particular value in rural schools where isolation reduces opportunities for organized activities. The international correspondence work between schools furnishes an almost unlimited field for school activities. The interchange of material stimulates in the child a sense of the significance of his own country and broadens his understanding of countries outside his own. The preparation of portfolios furnishes an incentive for self expression and originality in connection with regular school work, and gives the child a sense of achievement in having contributed something to an organized activity.

"The study of the history and purpose of the Junior Red Cross and practice of the suggestions in its calendar promotes a 'community spirit' in the school. Small acts of self denial or service to others such as protecting property, helping at home, saving pennies for health funds and similar activities lay a foundation for greater service."

The Ideals in Action

The following report from a teacher of the first grade of the Mitchell School, Bath, Maine, describes a charming service performed for elderly friends:

"Two boys took gifts made in school and brought from home, to a lame boy in the Orphans' Home. Children took turns tending bulbs, until sixteen were budded, two for each of the eight members of the Poor Farm. On the Saturday before Thanksgiving they marched or walked nearly two miles to the home carrying plants. The leader carried our Flag and waited at each crossing for all of us. They sang songs and repeated poems to the folks there, then gave the plants and a little gift card made in school. The matron treated them to apples and

some of the inmates showed them about the farm where the pigs were an especial delight to them.

"At Christmas other bulbs were taken to a blind lady and a crippled lady at the Old Ladies' Home. Cards were sent to the old ladies at the City Farm.

"At Easter, each child made an Easter basket for an elderly person whom he knew. They filled them at school and colored Easter cards to give with them.

"I feel they will be better American citizens and better world citizens if they are allowed to continue the work through the grades."

A Christmas project for veterans is described in the annual report from the Lincoln and Lancaster County Chapter, Nebraska.

"At Christmas time the Juniors outside of the city filled a huge Christmas box for the disabled men in a United States Veterans' Hospital. This service created an added interest and a spirit of kindness that was an inspiration to every school contributing. The coming generation as well as the present must not be allowed to forget the sacrifice these men made. Judging from the letters received by the disabled men, the gifts and the spirit of giving were deeply appreciated."

From the annual report of Troy, New York, is taken an example of national service for the Indian schools, and other examples of significant community service.

"One of these county schools has been exchanging correspondence and pictures with an Indian school in Montana. They also collected 1,200 egg clusters of the tent caterpillar which is doing such harm to the apple trees in this vicinity. They made candy during the year and with the proceeds bought a stove, dishes, cocoa and sugar for hot lunches during the winter months. Ten pupils of this school who were physically below par and undernourished at the beginning of winter are now all normal with the exception of one, and she has already gained four pounds and is on the road to good health."

And recently a small school has shown that it can be active in meeting emergency needs as well as in the year-round program. A Red Cross nurse reports:

"One of the smallest schools in Lake County is Lake Gem, having an enrollment of only eighteen pupils. They are most enthusiastic and progressive. When the call came for funds for the East Coast Disaster, they in their enthusiasm so inspired their relatives and friends that they raised \$75.00 in their district."

Said Rabbit to Piglet:

"It is because you are a very small animal that you will be useful in the adventure before us."

"What about me?" said Pooh (the teddy bear) sadly. "I suppose I shan't be useful?"

"Without Pooh," said Rabbit solemnly, "the adventure would be impossible."

Pooh went into a corner of the room and said proudly to himself, "Impossible without me! That sort of Bear."

(By permission from *Winnie the Pooh* by A. A. Milne
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So may we all be useful in the adventures of goodwill before us!

We wish you a happy Christmas and a glad New Year!

The Christmas Lanterns

Anna Milo Upjohn

Illustrations by the Author

NIKOLA usually began his day by fetching two jars of fresh water for his mother. He filled them at the public fountain, loaded them on his donkey, and then he and the donkey trotted home along the sea wall.

Nikola lived on the Island of Crete in a village of stone, which climbed the side of a cliff to a plateau of rocks and thistles. Ages ago the sea had raged through here and had worn big caves in the cliff. In some of these caves people lived, having made them into houses by building walls in front of them, with windows and a door, and sufficient roof to hold a chimney, which was really nothing more than a big water jug with the bottom broken out. Up the stone stairs which served as a street women toiled daily with similar jars on their shoulders. If they were tired, all they had to do was to sit down and rest on the flat roof of a house.

Over these steps Nikola skipped one hot winter's morning to lead out his little flock of sheep, penned in a cave higher up. What a place of stones and thistle it was! But farther back from the sea there was more grass, and thither Nikola guided his flock. From below they were sharply outlined against the dark sky.

A boy coming along the road saw them and smiled craftily. "I'll get ahead of that fellow," he said to himself. It was Philippu, coming from the town with a roll of colored tissue paper in his hand. Nikola on the hilltop, unmindful of Philippu's presence, stretched himself vigorously, flinging out his arms against the sky. One arm pointed toward Mt. Ida, where the Greek god Zeus was born, the other toward Mt. Juktas, his burial place, according to the ancient religion of Crete. But that meant nothing to Nikola. He was so used to the glorious mountains that he paid no attention to them. He sat down and considered what could be done about the holidays. The Greeks have a different calendar from ours, so that Christmas and New Year's come thirteen days later with them than with

us. Consequently it was a day in early January when Nikola was making plans for Christmas.

It is the custom in Greece on Christmas and New Year's Eve for boys to go about from house to house singing carols just as the waits do in England. They carry lanterns, usually fancy ones, which they make themselves in order to show that they have taken pains to attract and please and are not begging. Rather they are carrying a little portable show, and they sing so lustily that people are either pleased to hear them or glad to pay them a few pennies to move on.

Nikola had learned to his disgust that Philippu, besides making a bagpipe from a sheep's bladder, was planning a large lantern in the shape of a boat. This was just what Nikola himself had thought of doing, and he had already made a rough drawing from a ship going to Alexandria, which had lain off the harbor for a day. Now there was nothing left for him but to make a lantern in the form of a house. Or should it be a church,



A.M.U.

Philippu stood at the top of the town wall, the wonderful ship in his arms

with two towers and a dome?

In his heart Nikola felt that he would make a failure of the dome. So after all it must be a house. But he would make a very large one indeed, and put five or six candle ends in it. A green house with red windows and a big yellow door! Over the door he would put a flagpole and hang out the Greek flag, a white cross on a blue ground. Superb! He rolled on his back for joy, his feet high in the air. His thick brown burnous kept the thistles from pricking his back.

—And then what should he buy with all the money he would earn? As he thought it over he seemed to have few needs. Goat's milk in the morning, plenty of olives with his bread at noon, and at night a dish of hot greens with oil and the juice of a lemon poured over them. What more could one wish?

On the whole a cake for his mother, such as was customary at this time, brown and drenched with

honey and studded with nuts and candied fruits, would be the best. He fondly hoped that it might be big enough for the whole family.

Nikola had a few coppers which he had earned by carrying luggage down to the dock, and with these he planned to buy tissue paper to cover the frame-work of his house. The next day, with a bundle of sticks, some glue and strings, he repaired to a windless cave and there began making the wonderful lantern, while the sheep browsed among the rocks outside. The size and magnificence of his project Nikola kept secret, hoping to stun Philippu with it on the final night. But as he worked, he thought with envious concern that Philippu had his bagpipe as well as his boat with which to win fame and wealth.

However, one cannot pipe and chant at the same time, and so Philippu must find someone else to do his singing for him. Nikola had a good voice. He sang in the choir and knew the fine old carols. This was a great advantage over the boys who had only jazz to fall back on.

Philippu and Nikola were in reality good friends. It was only the competition in the matter of lanterns that had brought a sharp rivalry between them. They lived just outside the town of Candia, which was surrounded by great walls built by the Venetians when they were masters of the island centuries ago. Inside the walls were modern shops and hotels and market places. A big restaurant, a few small ones and many coffee houses were the hope of the boys. There they would gather the best harvest of pennies.

Secretly each of them looked over the field before the great night, and each decided that about half past seven would be the most favorable time to sing before the big restaurant. It would be a mistake to go too early, for then the place would not be full, and later people would have parted with all their small change in tips.

Accordingly, soon after dark on Christmas Eve, Nikola set forth with his wonderful house. His mother had given him four good candle ends and he had two more in his pocket to use when these should have given out. Before leaving home he lighted his lantern in order that his parents and Daphne might see it, and then proceeded triumphantly down the

road, carrying the brilliant fabrication on both arms and followed by an admiring train of small boys.

When they reached the top of the town wall their pride met a check. Philippu had gone ahead in the dark, his lantern unlighted; but here, before entering the town, he had stopped to light the candles, and now he stood with the wonderful ship in his arms, his bagpipe hung around his neck by a string. He was waiting for his singer, who was late.

The ship was a marvel. The boys gaped at it in amazement. It had four smokestacks and an imposing double row of portholes. On each side of the bows blazed the name "Hellas" in letters of fire, and the rigging was thickly festooned with tiny pennants of many nations. Nikola's house was bigger and brighter, but the ship was an artistic triumph.

"Hello!" said Philippu coolly, "made a house, did you?" There was something patronizing in his tone that irritated Nikola. Besides, the fickle crowd was

pressing around Philippu's boat in unfeigned admiration, and Nikola decided to move on before they all left him.

"That's a fine ship," he said carelessly. "Well, come on boys; we'll hurry up to the restaurant."

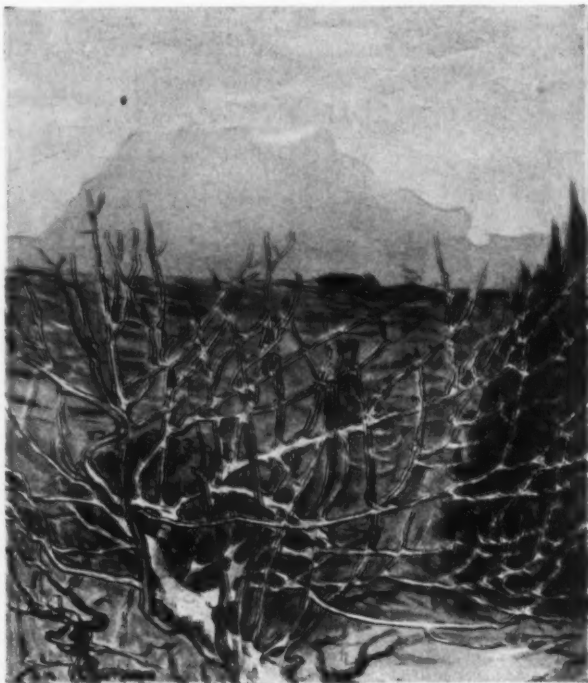
"Second turn for you," cried Philippu hotly, "I got here first!"

"But you're not ready, and I am," retorted Nikola, "Come on, boys," and he made a quick stride forward. The crowd jerked with him. Someone knocked Philippu's elbow as he went past. One of the flags toppled over against a candle. There was a flame, a hiss, a cry of horror. The whole boat was in flames. Despairingly, Philippu flung it from

him and it fell to the ground where it curled and blackened and went up in smoke. With a cry of rage Philippu sprang at Nikola; but Nikola had foreseen this and had set his house on the wall. He met Philippu half way and caught him by the wrists. Both were muscular boys, and for a moment they rocked back and forth, grinding their teeth, while the small boys cheered for joy.

"Stop! stop!" shouted Nikola above the noise, still holding Philippu by the wrists. "I didn't hit you and I'm sorry your boat is burned. But you've still got your bagpipe. You play and I'll sing. We'll go halves."

(Continued on page 75)



Mt. Juktas, on the Island of Crete, where Zeus is said to have died



Then Lu took a great chance. With ink-pot and brush he squatted before the sleeping master and began to decorate the smooth yellow face

Lu, the Judge

A Chinese Folk Story

Illustration by Anna Milo Upjohn

TWENTY school boys squatted before their ink-pots writing diligently. At one end of the room sat the master lost in thought. He was large and very fat. His lids drooped over his eyes until scarcely a pin point was visible. But the boys knew that nothing escaped that pin point. They feared him, for he was very stern and he had set them a task which was to write about the *yin* and the *yang*; that is, the good and the bad, the light and the dark, of the whole universe. The boys felt that it was too much.

The afternoon heat dripped over the little school house. It seemed to pat the roof-tiles, making them tick and crackle. Even the smooth matting on which the boys sat was warm to the feet. Lu stole a glance at the master and saw him nodding. Then his eye wandered to the door across which a persimmon tree thrust a beautiful branch, weighted with flame colored fruit. Behind it the sky shone milky white in the heat. At the bottom of the school yard ran a brook, and beyond that on a slope covered with tea

shrubs two little men in blue worked with mattocks.

In the brook stood a white heron gazing motionless into the water. Suddenly he struck downward with his long bill and brought up a fish. Then he sailed away on great flapping wings. The pupils, who were tracing neat characters on rice paper, laid down their brushes and watched him wistfully. They longed to be as free as the heron.

The master was breathing heavily, his double chin resting on his chest. The boys grinned, but no one dared so much as whisper. Then Lu took a great chance. With ink-pot and brush he squatted soundlessly before the sleeping master. A few whisks of the soft brush and he had decorated the smooth yellow face with black whiskers and huge spectacle rims. The other boys watched with horrified delight.

When the teacher wakened he found the class working so attentively that not a boy raised his eyes. There was no mirror in the room. Not until the master went home and his wife greeted him with a shriek did he know what had happened to him. The

next day not a boy peeped, but the master knew that only one of his pupils could have played that prank, and that was Lu. His punishment was so severe that the boy ran away from his home and school and was never again seen by his mates.

Now though fun-loving and lazy, Lu was a bright boy, and like all Chinese had great respect for learning. He had always wanted to be a P'an Kuan, or judge, so he set himself to study law. In time he became a magistrate and a prosperous man.

Still, there was that lazy streak in him and he found it hard to stick to things. Consequently, when some one told him of a sage, or wise man, who lived on a sacred mountain near Mukden and made things happen simply by willing them, he thought, "That is the very thing for me. I will go to this man and ask him to teach me his magic. Perhaps, I, too, may become a sage, honored of all men."

So he left the law and set out for the mountain.

But the wise man looked on him with disfavor, "You have never stuck to anything," he said. "You once ran away from school, as you now do from your business. The men whom I train must endure work, humiliation and poverty such as you never dreamed of. You would give up in no time."

But Lu plead with the sage, "No matter what the bitterness or weariness, I can bear it," he said.

At last he was accepted and set to work in the fields with the other disciples. There were eighty of them and they toiled from dawn till starlight in the fields and woods, digging, planting and chopping wood. Their food was nothing but rice.

For the first month Lu endured it because he was ashamed of being a quitter. But during the second and third months he began to weaken. "This is a poor way to become a god," he said. "The master has not taught me a thing and has only degraded me to the place of a coolie." Yet, observing that the men about him were content and worked without a murmur, he thought, "There may be something in it, after all. I'll wait a few days longer and see."

Since coming to the mountain Lu had never seen the master eat, sleep, or even change his position. But at last one night Lu saw him come down from his seat, strike a light, fill a bowl with water and put a few bamboo leaves to soak in it. Then he called Lu. "I am going away for a while," he said, "and until I return you must all leave your work and sit here in groups of five, to guard this bowl and see that the light does not go out."

With that the sage rose, walked to the wall, and raising his finger, drew the shape of a door which opened to him.

Through it Lu saw a gleaming lake. The master walked to the edge of the water, drew a boat shape, stepped into the boat that appeared and was gone. Lu looked carefully at the wall but no trace of a door remained.

The disciples squatted down to await the master's return. As they were nodding with sleepiness some one cried out, "Lao Tao! He comes, he comes!" Springing up in haste, Lu overturned the light and as he groped to find it, his hand went into the bowl and spilled the leaves on the table.

Hardly had he relighted the lamp when the wall opened and the master came in, furious, and dripping from whiskers to toes. "Faithless one!" he cried, pointing at Lu, "when I was in mid-water you put out my light and upset my boat. If the lamp had not been re-lighted I should have drowned! And now begone!"

But Lu knelt humbly at his feet. Not for his life, now, would he have left this place so full of excitement and mystery. What might not happen next? How was it done? Would the master be able to teach him in time to do these wonderful things himself?

Again he plead earnestly to be allowed to stay, and at last the master, being a kindly soul, relented. "Well, well, you have some little good in you," he said, "and I will give you another trial."

So Lu went back to his work with a resolute fibre and nothing was too hard for him. For three years he worked and studied. Then the master said to him, "Your instructions are finished. You know a little magic. The rest you must get by practising it in the world. Go and do good to all you meet."

Lu went forth disguised as a beggar so that he might get closer to people and learn their troubles. He healed the sick and gave advice and help to all he met, and people began to perceive that he had great powers and to call him a wise man.

He was drawn toward all suffering things. One day, finding a wounded dragon on a river bank, he extracted the bullet that was tormenting the poor creature and healed the wound with a mud poultice. After this the dragon slipped quietly into the water.

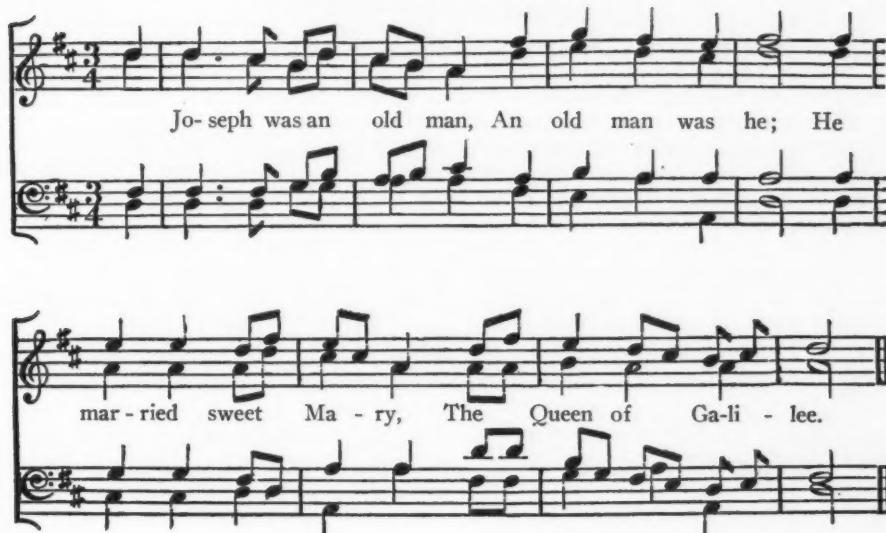
About a year later a great desire to see his master came over Lu, and he set forth. Part of his journey was by sea, and during the voyage his boat was shipwrecked in a terrible storm. Lu, bewildered, found himself alone in the waves and darkness. Suddenly he saw a light ahead. As he was swimming towards it, a wave bore him into a great sea-cave hung with lights and precious stones. On a throne sat the beautiful queen of this realm.

"Do you not know me, my friend?" she asked Lu kindly. "I am the dragon whom you cured. But for your help I should have died up there on the land. In gratitude I sent the light to guide you here when you were shipwrecked. I know that you are kind and just. Here in this sea kingdom below the waters we also need such men. You shall be a god and have the post of judge, or P'an Kuan."

So Lu stayed happily.

The Cherry Tree Carol

Reprinted from "The Red Cross Junior," Toronto



As Joseph was a-walking
He heard Angels sing,
This night there shall be born
Our heavenly King.

He neither shall be born
In house nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox-stall.

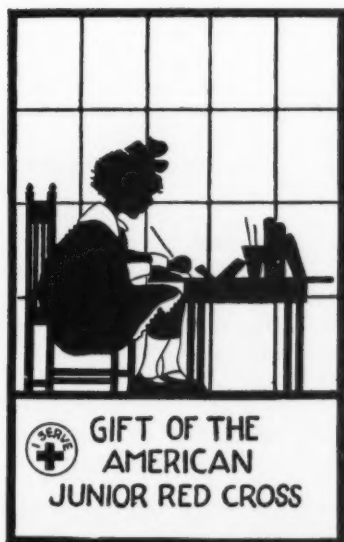
He shall not be clothed
In purple nor pall,
But all in fair linen,
As were babies all.

He shall not be rocked
In silver nor gold,
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks on the mould.

He neither shall be christened
In milk nor in wine,
But in pure spring-well water,
Fresh sprung from Bethine.

Mary took her Baby,
She dressed Him so sweet,
She laid Him in a manger
All there for to sleep.

As she stood over Him
She heard Angels sing,
Oh! bless our dear Saviour,
Our heavenly King.



The Nashville Juniors' Book Plate

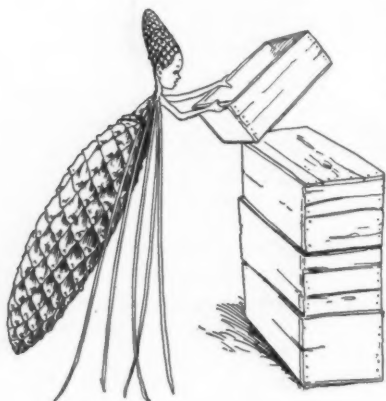
THE Juniors of Nashville, Tennessee, gave so many books for distribution to others last Christmas that it was decided to use some of them for small libraries for children in hospitals. At Vanderbilt Hospital the doctor in charge gave a special room for the collection, and another little library was started in the Nashville General Hospital. The art class of the Hume Fogg High School undertook to design a special bookplate to be used in all the books donated by the Juniors. Six attractive designs were submitted and this is the winning one. The others were put into frames made in manual training classes and hung over the shelves. The Juniors pasted in the bookplates and have undertaken to mend and clean the books and collect and deliver others to the hospitals.

A Forest Christmas

Ruth Fuller Sergel

Illustrations by R. Bruce Horsfall

IT was hard to wait! Richard and Lucy looked out of the window at the snowy trees that covered the mountain side and wondered how soon they would reach grandmother's house and the Christmas tree that was waiting there. Then, just as mother said that it would only be an hour or two more, the train suddenly stopped at the bare little station of a deserted mining town. Soon they all knew the reason.



A great avalanche of snow had come down the mountain side and covered the tracks and it would be hours and perhaps a whole day before they could go on again.

Lucy began to cry and the twins from Texas joined

in. Down the aisle two boys named Jim and Tom began to quarrel over a game. Even the grown-ups looked discouraged except the big, brown-faced forest ranger across the aisle. Rangers were used to having things go wrong. Mother had told Richard about them. People left their picnic fires burning and whole forests caught fire and the rangers either put out the fire or, if that couldn't be done, planted a new forest in place of the old one. They understood all about trees. Richard was wishing he might talk with



this one when suddenly the ranger said to him:

"Would you like to go for a walk with me?" Would he! And then, at the ranger's suggestion, he ran to ask the other children in the car to go, too.

Soon they all set off up a slope where the wind had swept away most of the snow.

"Mmm," said Rose to Anne, the other twin, "it smells like a million Christmas trees."

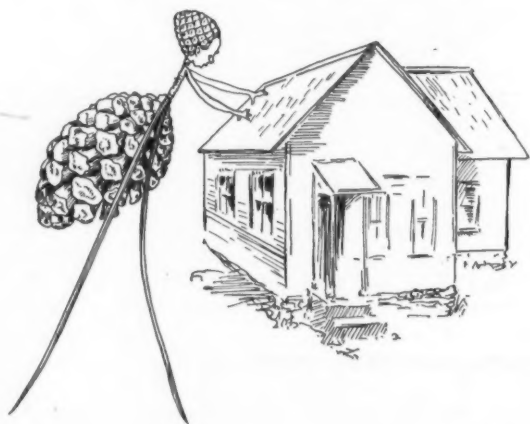
"And it's the oldest perfume in the world," the ranger added. "Long before there were any oaks or maples, the pines and the spruces and the hemlocks were growing just as they grow today."

"Spruces, hemlocks," repeated Jim. "I thought all evergreen trees were pines."

"Suppose we gather some branches of the different trees that grow here," suggested the ranger, "and when we get back I'll tell you about them."

It took some scrambling but soon they had collected a branch from each of the different trees near by. The ranger carried a great branch as large as a small tree. He left it at the car for the grown-ups to enjoy and the rest they carried into the station.

Someone had built a roaring fire in the old cannon stove and they all drew up benches about it and sat down. Then the ranger gave each child a pencil and



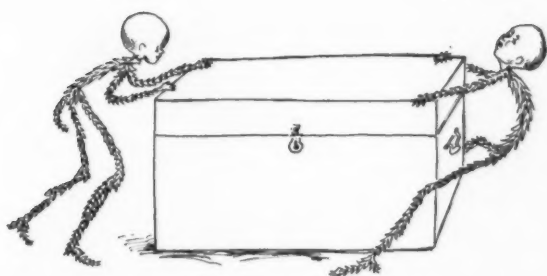
piece of paper on which to make drawings of the different sorts of leaves.

First, he sorted out three branches and told them that they were pines—white pine, red pine and pitch pine.

"But they're all alike," Tom said.

But they were really quite different. White pine had its needles all in little bundles of five where they grew to the twig and it had great cones nine and ten inches long. While they made sketches of the needles the ranger added a head and arms to his drawing making it into a little figure busily piling boxes. He explained that the white pine wood was used for making cheap boxes such as those for shipping groceries.

Next they drew pictures of the red pine. Its needles were much longer than those of white pine



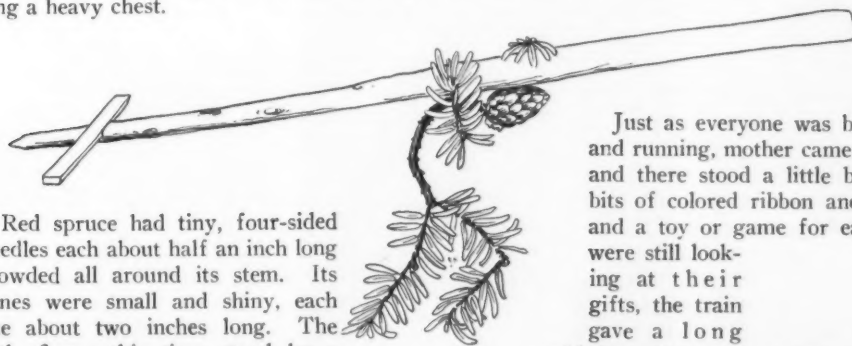
and they were in bunches of two needles. But the cones were small, only about two inches long. Again the ranger turned his drawing into little figures, one building a bridge and one a house of the hard, close-grained red pine wood.

The other branch of pine was called pitch pine. Its leaves were shorter like those of white pine and it had three needles in each bundle. Its cones were a little larger than those of red pine and they had sharp prickles all over them. The little figure this time was piling pitch pine wood on a fiercely blazing fire.

Red cedar was quite different from the rest. Instead of needles, it had tiny scales each about half an inch long. It had no cones on it and the ranger told them it bore instead a dark blue berry that hungry birds ate in the winter. As the ranger began his drawing, Rose said:

"I know what red cedar wood is used for,—red cedar chests!"

Sure enough the ranger drew two little figures dragging a heavy chest.



Red spruce had tiny, four-sided needles each about half an inch long crowded all around its stem. Its cones were small and shiny, each one about two inches long. The little figure this time stood by a piano and the ranger told them that the satiny, red spruce wood was used to make the sounding boards of musical instruments.

The last two branches, the ranger said, looked as much alike as Rose and Anne. They were hemlock and balsam fir. Both had little needles clustered on the stem. But on the under side of the hemlock needles were two straight white lines and the hemlock cones were tiny brown ones about an inch long. On the under side of the balsam fir needles there were white spots and the balsam fir cones were a dark purple color and about three inches long. Then he began his drawing of little figures, and everyone waited curiously. The little hemlock figure carried a large telephone pole and the balsam fir figure decorated a

Christmas tree. The ranger told them, too, that after the Christmas tree was finished the needles might be used for sweet smelling fir pillows.

The last drawing had rather stopped the laughter over the odd figures and the ranger quickly proposed a game.

"Each child choose one of the branches," he said. "I'll call you by the name of the branch. Quick, into the corners!"

Red cedar was left behind and the ranger picked it up. "I'll be red cedar," he said, "and until I can steal a corner, I'm 'it.'" Now when I call out the tree names of any two of you, those two have to change corners, and if I call out 'Forest Fire,' everyone has to find another corner. Red spruce, white pine!"

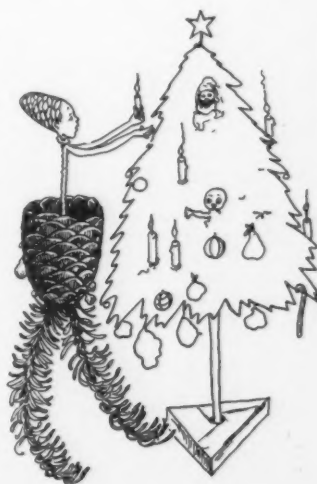
Lucy and Tom scampered for each other's corners, the ranger almost capturing Lucy's corner before Tom reached it.

"Forest Fire!"

In the scramble the ranger captured Richard's corner and it was Richard's turn to stand in the middle of the room and call the changes.

Just as everyone was breathless with laughter and running, mother came to call them to the car, and there stood a little balsam fir all gay with bits of colored ribbon and tissue bags of candy and a toy or game for each child. While they were still looking at their gifts, the train gave a long whistle and moved swiftly away towards the other little tree at grandmother's house.

Lucy showed her mother the white lines on the needles of the branch of hemlock she still carried. "I like train Christmases," she said. "Let's always spend part of our Christmas on the train!" *



ONE hundred and fifty Russian refugee children have been gathered together by a noble woman and are being cared for in an old castle in Yugoslavia. Some time we will tell you much more of their story. Last summer they sent these two dolls (right) in Russian peasant costume as a gift to American children. As part of Junior exhibit material, the dolls have already made many friends among boys and girls all over the United States.

The doll below, in gay Norwegian costume, was sent by the Vestheim Pikeskole, in Oslo, Norway, to the Normal School in Atlanta, Georgia. Her dress is black, trimmed with a red and green flowered border, and her black apron is covered with pink and blue rosebuds and piped in red.



EVERY year a woman much interested in the Public School for the Deaf in New York City provides a fund which enables the graduating class to visit Washington. Last year when the six graduates visited National Headquarters of the Red Cross and later were received by President and Mrs. Coolidge at the White House they had with them this doll (right). They explained to Mrs. Coolidge how they had dressed the doll to send to Czechoslovakia as a part of their Junior Red Cross work. The note which went with the doll said: "We send this doll with our love. Our girls sewed all her clothes and made her hat. She is dressed just as we are on our graduation day. We hope you will like her."



The Juniors

THIS doll (right) was sent to American Juniors by the pupils of the Primary School of King Boleslas, in Lodz, Poland. A thank-you note pinned to her skirt said: "Such a great distance divides us and yet your letters and presents, constant proofs of your thoughtfulness, reach us unceasingly in our remote country. We have received so many beautiful books that we feel deeply moved by your generosity, which betrays your kind and noble hearts . . . let us express our warmest, deepest thanks for so many beautiful gifts; kindly accept from us a very modest token of our gratitude." The doll's blouse is of cotton, her vest of green velvet and the apron and skirt of heavy felt laid in many pleats about the waist.

The boy with the bat on the opposite page is one of about twenty dolls from all over the world which were assembled at a great exhibition in Düsseldorf, Germany, last summer, plans for which were started before the great war. The doll was sent by the League of Red Cross Societies in Paris with the request that it be dressed in this country as a typical American boy. The Girls' Trade School in Boston made two complete outfits for it.



WITH this doll (right) which a school in Madrid sent to Public School No. 15 in New York City came this note: "This doll is dressed in the local dress of the Province of Salamanca, well known for the richness of its ornaments and in which the Queen of Spain, H. M. Victoria (whom God watch over), was photographed." A picture post card was attached, showing the Queen in the costume.



s' Doll Exchange



BELOW is a "country belle" sent from Belgrade, Jugoslavia. She represents a well-to-do peasant girl wearing her dowry of gold coins.



LAST year the United States Native School in Shaktoolik, Alaska, sent to the primary school in Diep River, South Africa, a fascinating Eskimo doll showing exactly how an Eskimo dresses in winter. There was a squirrel skin parka with tassels of wolverine skin, boots of fawnskin and shoe laces of reindeer skin. The South African children wrote back to their Eskimo friends: "Just imagine our surprise when we received your doll. As soon as the box was opened and we saw what was inside, we got very excited." And they sent to Alaska this funny, jointed, Zulu doll.



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*I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!*

—Longfellow.

A SOLDIER'S THANK YOU LETTER

LAST Christmas the Juniors in the fifty country schools of Lancaster County, Nebraska, filled a huge box for the ex-service men in the government hospital at Fort Lyon, Colorado. One of the men wrote:

DEAR BUDDIES:

It may interest you to know that on Christmas Eve, in a hospital ward here and under a little Christmas tree, there was a box tagged with my name containing the splendid little bowl of lily bulbs which your room had made up for some disabled soldier.

When that box was given to me I was glad and I was glad to know who it was that sent it. It now stands on a table near a window where it can catch the first rays of the sun each morning. It is an especially beautiful gift for my room, which is quite bare. From my bed I can look at your flowers and watch them grow day by day. It will be a pleasure to do that, for out through that window there is only a wide, sandy, hilly stretch of ground to see, an unchanging scene except for the times when a train crosses on its way to California or to Kansas City. That train is about two miles away from the little table and your flowers.

I shall think of you when I watch them, knowing that you, too, are growing—growing into men and women under careful and loving instruction of your fathers and mothers and teachers. . . . Try to make others proud of you by always doing what is right and good. . . . And as your bulbs grow into flowers, I shall know that you, too, are growing into the kind of men and women of whom your teachers, your parents and your God will be proud. You must not disappoint me in that, for some day there will be big things for you to do and you must be good men and women to do them as they should be done.

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Try, too, to grow into strong men and women. Fresh air and sunshine and exercise are good for you. In your games and fun, though, always remember to play fair and square—that is the first thing expected of every good American. . . .

And now, dear kind friends, I'll close my letter, but I'll keep on thinking of you and trusting you always.

Sincerely,

YOUR SOLDIER FRIEND.

SUCCESSORS TO SANTA CLAUS

Maud Wood Henry

Said Santa to his wife: "My dear,
My tasks get lighter every year;
I thought I had a job for life,
But I'm in doubt about it, wife;
These Junior Red Cross girls and boys
Are most as good at making toys
And filling stockings as am I,—"
And Santa heaved a gusty sigh
Before he broke into a smile—
"T'will be but just a little while
If this continues, I foresee,
When there will be no use for me.
Those Red Cross Juniors made last year—
I haven't all the figures here—
But 'twon't be stretching it, I guess,
To say a million more or less
Of useful Christmas gifts and toys
For sick and needy girls and boys
At home, and then sent overseas
Ship-loads for foreign families.
They carved and painted, sewed and slaved
At making things; they gave and saved;
Exhibited all kinds of thrift
That there might be a Christmas gift
For every tiny, crippled tot
And soldier on hospital cot
And lonely person without cheer
And everyone in need last year.
I feel a happy sort of pain
At this, though I should not complain;
But wife, these Red Cross girls and boys
Deprived me of my dearest joys
Last Christmas, and I can't get used
To having my own rights abused;
I s'pose I feel this way because
I'm selfish," said old Santa Claus,
"And pampered—but it's hard on me
To take a back seat, don't you see?
But I've a thought—I'll make more toys
For all these splendid girls and boys
Who think of others and who play
The giving game on Christmas Day;
I'll be the *givers'* Santa, wife,
And *that's* a job I'll hold for life." *

EDITORIAL AGREEMENT

AT THE meeting of editors of Junior magazines in Paris last spring it was agreed that any article appearing in a Junior magazine might be reproduced, with credit, in any other Junior journal unless starred with two ** at the end. The reprinting of articles, illustrations or photographs carrying one * must be preceded by the payment of author's dues.

Tommy's Dream on Christmas Night

Anna M. Lutkenhaus

Illustrations by Edna E. Potter

TIME: 1926

PLACE: ANYWHERE IN AMERICA

CHARACTERS:

MRS. BAIRD

ROSE and SYBIL, her daughters

TOMMY BAIRD, her eight-year-old son

LILLIAN WEST

HESTER OAKLAND

SEVERAL BOYS and GIRLS

} Friends of the Bairds

SUGGESTIONS FOR COSTUMES: For the toys, copy in very cheap material the well-known toys. A fur coat and a toy bear's head make a fine teddy bear. For the vegetables, candy, pennies, etc., a good plan is to have the children in the art and industrial classes compete in the making of caps, false faces, shields, etc. The old clothes for the foreign children can easily be borrowed.

SYBIL: Mother, he has done nothing but eat all day. He will be sick all night—the little pig!

TOMMY: I am not a pig. You're a pig. (Cries. MOTHER lifts him to her lap.)

MRS. BAIRD: I wonder if my little son has remembered all the children who have not had good things to eat today and playthings to amuse them.

TOMMY: I hate things to eat! I never want to see anything to eat again.

SYBIL: What did I tell you, Mother?

MRS. BAIRD: Never mind him now, girls.

He is tired. Hester, how is your wonderful pageant coming along?

HESTER: Oh, Mrs. Baird, it is simply fine. We are going to present it three nights for our Fund. It really is a good history lesson, for it traces back to earliest time the origin of Christmas celebrations. Several of the boys and girls taking part are going to stop for us here, as we are due at a rehearsal. If you would like us to, Mrs. Baird, we will act one little scene for you.

MRS. BAIRD: That would be very lovely, Hester.

ROSE: Do tell us about the whole pageant, Lillian. Are you taking part?

LILLIAN: I have a minor part. And then we all sing the old carols.

HELEN: I am just crazy to see it. I am going to use part of my Christmas money to buy a ticket.

MRS. BAIRD: Why not get two tickets, dear, and take one of the girls with you who would not see it otherwise?

HELEN: I shall, Mother. (Laughing.) I might take Tommy with me.

TOMMY: I don't want to see your old pageant. I hate pageants!

MRS. BAIRD: Hush, Tommy, or Mother will put you to bed at once. Tell us, Hester, about the play.

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SCENE I

IN the Bairds' living room, on Christmas Night. A lighted tree stands at one side. Around the room are TOMMY's presents, which come to life in the second scene. These include a TIN SOLDIER and a DRUM, a TEDDY BEAR, a CLOWN, a JACK-IN-THE-BOX, etc. MRS. BAIRD and the children appear tired. TOMMY is fretting. A knock is heard at the door. LILLIAN and HESTER come in and are gladly welcomed.

LILLIAN (Laughing): Happy Christmas to you all even if it is late. Mrs. Baird, mother told me to tell you that the tablecloth you embroidered for her is the prettiest ever.

ROSE and SYBIL: Happy Christmas again!

MRS. BAIRD: We are surely glad to see you, girls. Tommy has had too much excitement today, and we were getting very tired.

TOMMY (Whining): Mother, Sybil won't let me have any more candy.

MRS. BAIRD: By the sound of that voice my little boy is almost ready for the sandman. There will be plenty of time tomorrow for candy.

(TOMMY cries.)

(Voices are heard outside and the girls run to open the door for the other children. All welcome each other with merry "Happy Christmas!")

HESTER: I was just about to tell Mrs. Baird about our pageant. We have taken scenes from ancient history. The first one shows the Roman Saturnalia, the great Roman holiday.

LILLIAN: We shall all wear our mothers' sheets and tablecloths draped around us for this scene, and imagine we are great Romans walking around in our togas. All of us who take part in this scene are here. Let's act it out. (Boys and girls jump up. SYBIL brings several sheets. One boy takes the couch cover. Children parade around acting a great feast day. Applause from the BAIRDS.)

ROSE: Didn't you like that, Tommy?

TOMMY (Whining): No, I don't like anything.

MRS. BAIRD: Just bed, that's all. Too many good things today and I am afraid a wee bit of selfishness.

HESTER: Then we have a Twelfth Night scene in "Merrie England" of old*.

ROSE: Where does the Puritan scene come in? Esther Wright is to take part in it.

LILLIAN: The Puritans did not believe in joyous scenes at Christmas and the elders punished any merrymakers. But see the time, great pageanters, we shall be late for the rehearsal, and mother will be getting worried. She is to meet us at the hall. (All jump up to go.)

MRS. BAIRD: Before you leave let us sing my favorite old Christmas hymn. (Sits down at piano and begins to play. TOMMY sulks.)

ALL: "It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold,
'Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King'—
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing."

LILLIAN and HESTER and Boys and Girls: Good night all, and be sure to come to see our pageant.

LILLIAN: Tommy, be a good boy, and come with the girls.

THE BAIRDS: Good night and again "Happy Christmas!" (Visitors leave.)

MRS. BAIRD: Come, Tommy, it is past bedtime now.

TOMMY (Very sleepy and whiny): I don't want to go to bed. I don't want to go. My head hurts me. (Goes out crying. All follow.)

SCENE II

In TOMMY'S bedroom, in the middle of the night. A dream. TOMMY is lying asleep. In this second scene characters are introduced in the form of turkeys, cranberries, nuts, vegetables, bonbons, etc. The TIN SOLDIER beating a drum comes in followed by the other toys. The CLOWN and the TEDDY BEAR carry in the JUMPING JACK'S box. The toys, making a loud noise, race around the bed. TOMMY sits up in bed. TEDDY BEAR jumps up on bed. TOMMY draws back in fright.

TOMMY: Why, you are all my toys I received for Christmas presents, and you are alive! (Toys make a noise.)

CLOWN (Jumping up and down): Oh, Tommy! Tommy! Tommy! think of all the things you ate!

TOMMY: Oh, please don't mention them. I never want to see food again.

JUMPING JACK: But you will, Tommy.

TURKEYS (Strutting in and around the room): Gobble, Gobble, Gobble.

CRANBERRIES (Following, popping here and there): Sauce, Sauce, Sauce!

TOMMY: Oh, please, clown, take them away.

NUTS (Falling over everything. Chanting):

Pecan nuts are a good sort of nut;
They are used both in cake and in fudge;

Little boys eat them—but! but! but!
Piggy boys eat and can't budge!

(All the toys laugh. TOMMY looks ashamed.)

VEGETABLES (Running in. All the well-known vegetables can be impersonated):

We are the vegetables good for all.
We make little boys grow fine and tall;

But sad to relate, we are left outside
By foolish children, when sweets are spied.



BONBONS (*Dressed in different colored caps, made of crepe paper to represent the different candies. Dancing*):

We are the bonbons, good food you remember
If right after dinner, you eat one or two;
But—oh, how your tummy will ache, little Tommy,
If you stuff like a piggy, the whole day through.

TOMMY: I didn't eat you all day long!

PIE FACES (*Rushing in*): You ate us too—you liked mince pies—and oh, you ate so much of us.

TOMMY: Oh, go away. Please go away. I don't like pie any more. (*All disappear.*) Why, they are all gone. Look, look at that funny large box walking in. It has a great big red cross on it. (RED CROSS BOX comes in followed by PENNIES. As TOMMY stands up on the bed to see them better, a line of children, foreign and American, very pale, dressed very poorly in costumes to represent the different countries, march in. All extend hands toward him.)

FIRST CHILD: Oh, Tommy, let me play with your Teddy Bear. I never had one.

SECOND CHILD: I heard you had more bonbons than you could eat, and we children had none because Father was sick and Mother had not much money for Christmas. Have you any left for us?

TOMMY: I feel so mean.

THIRD CHILD: Say, Tommy, lend me your wagon to give my baby brother a ride? He's lame you know. We thought that Santa Claus would bring a wagon for him, but he only sent us a Christmas card and an orange for each child in the family. Nothing to play with, you see.

TOMMY (*Very ashamed*): I forgot all about you when I was enjoying Christmas all day. You do look so hungry. (*Lies down. Children disappear.*)

(*All the DREAM CHARACTERS rush in and surround him.*)

ALL (*Pointing finger at TOMMY and speaking quickly and solemnly*): Stingy boy! Greedy boy! Selfish boy! Oh! Oh! Oh! Tommy Selfish! Tommy Greedy! Tommy Stingy! Oh!

TOMMY (*Screaming*): Mother! Mother! (*Awakes.*)

MRS. BAIRD (*Rushing in*): Why, Tommy dear, what is the trouble?

TOMMY: Where are they? Where is the pageant? Oh, I must have been dreaming; but Mother, next year, I am going to share all my good things with all the little boys and girls all over the world! I want to be a Junior Red Cross member and learn how to make other children happy.

MRS. BAIRD: Then, darling, the "whole world will give back the song which now the angels sing." Now, close your eyes, and go to sleep, mother's own dear little boy. (*Kisses him.*) *

CURTAIN

The Christmas Lanterns

(Continued from page 64)

Philippu knew that the proposition was a generous one, considering that Nikola now had the field to himself and could make a good thing of it. There would be other bands of singers, of course, but they would probably carry Chinese lanterns and it was not likely that anyone could outdo Nikola's house and his fine voice. He dropped his arms and stood back, panting.

"All right," he said at last, "and next week I'll make another stunner." He bent over the wreck of the "Hellas" and picked out the candle ends from the smouldering rubbish. They would serve another day. So Philippu really gathered himself together finely after his disaster, though he could not keep back a groan as he turned away from the ruin of his masterpiece.

Outside the restaurant the boys considered the situation carefully before beginning their campaign. Through the lighted windows they could see that the large room was nearly full of people eating. Philippu tested his bagpipe and Nikola looked well to his candles, that none of them should topple over. Then they engaged a small boy who had a pair of copper cymbals to clap for them, promising him five cents from their earnings. Thus they had the beginnings of a brass band.

Nikola set the illuminated house on the sill of the restaurant window where it made a magnificent showing in the dark street. Then he opened the door a hand's breadth and the concert began. Strong and clear the young voice rang out in the night. Philippu

piped and the small partner clashed his cymbals with terrific energy. People stopped eating to listen, and everyone craned to get a look at the glowing house in the window. At last Nikola with a flushed face and beating heart advanced into the restaurant with a little saucer, which he had slipped into his pocket from his mother's cupboard. He had not thought that he should mind so much. But as he went from table to table and people dropped pennies smilingly into his plate, he forgot his shyness and thanked everybody joyfully, not trying to conceal his delight and surprise.

Outside, the boys counted their gains by the light of the Christmas lantern. More than ten drachmas had come to them from their first attack. Up the street they went to further triumphs, followed by an ever increasing train of admirers.

At last, all their candles burned, they sat down on the edge of the old fountain in the square, and again took stock. Twenty-five drachmas and sixty lepta, after the cymbalist had been paid! Visions of cake now became actual possibilities. Rushing to the still-open cake shop, they sang and piped lustily to the baker, and then throwing their coins on the counter ordered the best cake they could get for their money.

That is how it happened that on Christmas Day the members both of Nikola's and Philippu's families ate their fill of sticky brown cake, thick with plums and almonds, with figs and dates and currants, all trickling with honey.



The Cock and the Hen went for a walk into the woods to eat strawberries

The Cock and the Hen

A Tale from Czechoslovakia

Illustrations by Rudolf Mates

ONCE upon a time there was a Cock and a Hen who went for a walk into the woods to eat strawberries. The Cock said to the little Hen, "Whatever we find we will divide equally." The little Hen agreed and they entered the woods.

Soon the Hen found a nice ripe strawberry and gave half of it to the Cock. The Cock also found a strawberry but he was very selfish and deceitful and thought that if he swallowed the strawberry quickly the little Hen would not know about it, but the strawberry stuck in his throat. He just had time to call, "Hurry, Little Hen, and bring me some water or I shall choke." As soon as he finished saying it, he fell over on his back.

The little Hen ran to the brook and asked it for some water. "Little Brook, Little Brook, give me some water." "Why do you want some water?" asked the Brook. "For the Cock who is lying on his back in the woods choking." The Brook answered, "I will give you some water if you will bring me a leaf from the Linden."

The little Hen ran to the Linden. "Dear Linden, give me one of your leaves." "For whom do you want a leaf?" asked the Linden. "For the Brook who will give me some water for my Cock who is lying on his back in the woods choking." The Linden said, "I will give you a leaf if you will bring me a nice ker-

chief from the Dressmaker." The little Hen ran to the Dressmaker and said, "Oh, Dressmaker, will you please give me a kerchief." "For whom do you want a kerchief?" "For the Linden who will give me a leaf for the Brook who will give me some water for my Cock who is lying on his back in the woods choking." The Dressmaker said, "I will give you a kerchief if you will bring me a nice pair of shoes from the Shoemaker."

The poor little Hen ran to the Shoemaker. "Good sir, good sir, will you give me a pair of shoes?" "Why do you want a pair of shoes?" "For the Dressmaker who will give me a kerchief for the Linden who will give me a leaf for the Brook who will give me some water for my Cock who is lying on his back in the woods choking." The Shoemaker said, "I will give you a pair of shoes when you bring me some bristles from the Pig."

The little Hen ran to the Pig. "Oh, Piggy, will you please give me some bristles?" "Why do you want some bristles?" "For the Shoemaker who will give me a pair of shoes for the Dressmaker who will give me a kerchief for the Linden who will give me a leaf for the Brook who will give me some water for my Cock who is lying on his back in the woods choking." The Pig said, "I will not give you some bristles until you bring me some corn from the Threshers."



Good Sir, will you give me a pair of shoes?

So the little Hen ran to the Threshers. "Oh, kind sirs, will you give me some corn?" "Why do you want corn?" "For the Pig who will give me some bristles for the Shoemaker who will give me a pair of shoes for the Dressmaker who will give me a kerchief for the Linden who will give me a leaf for the Brook who will give me some water for my Cock who is lying on his back in the woods choking."

But the Threshers said:

"We will not give you corn until you bring us some milk from the Farmer's Wife."

So the little Hen ran to the Farmer's Wife. "Oh, please, give me some milk." "Why do you want milk?" "For the Threshers who will give me some corn for the Pig who will give me some bristles for the Shoemaker who will give me a pair of shoes for the Dressmaker who will give me a kerchief for the Linden who will give me a leaf for the Brook who will give me some water for my Cock who is lying on his back in the woods choking." The Farmer's Wife said, "I will give you some milk if you will bring me some grass from the Meadow."

Then the little Hen ran to the Meadow and asked for some grass. "For whom do you want grass?" asked the Meadow. "For the Farmer's Wife who will give me some milk for the Threshers who will give me some corn for the Pig who will give me some bristles for the Shoemaker who will give me a pair of shoes for the Dressmaker who will give me a kerchief for the Linden who will give me a leaf for the Brook who will give me some water for my Cock who is lying on his back in the woods choking." But the Meadow said,

"I will not give you



And then the little Hen ran to the Threshers

any grass until you ask the Sky for some rain."

The little Hen looked up into the Sky and begged: "Dear Sky, will you please send the Meadow some rain?" "Why do you want rain?" "For the Meadow who will give grass to the Farmer's Wife who will give me some milk for the Threshers who will give me corn for the Pig who will give me some bristles for the Shoemaker who will give me a pair of shoes for the Dressmaker who will give me a kerchief for the Linden who will give me a leaf for the Brook who will give me some water for my Cock who is lying on his back in the woods choking."

The Sky felt sorry for the little Hen and sent some rain to the Meadow. The Meadow gave grass to the Farmer's Wife who sent some milk to the Threshers who gave corn to the Pig and the Pig gave bristles to the Shoemaker who gave the Dressmaker a pair of shoes and the Dressmaker gave the Linden a kerchief and the Linden gave a leaf to the Brook who gave some water to the Hen who took it to the Cock.

As soon as the little Hen dropped the water into the Cock's throat, the strawberry slipped down. The Cock jumped up and flapped his wings and cheerfully crowed—"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" and he never was self-

ish again but very gladly divided everything he found with the little Hen.*



The Cock jumped up and cheerfully crowed, "Cock-a-doodle-doo"

NOTE: The delightfully illustrated book of "The Cock and the Hen" is published in English by R. D. Szalatnay, 542 East 79th Street, New York City, by whose kind permission it is reprinted here. Mr. Szalatnay sent a number of the books to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Prague, which turned them over to the Czech Junior Red Cross. They have been sent back to the United States with portfolios from Czechoslovakia to American schools.

Junior Christmas Doings

AFTER the Christmas boxes for overseas packed by Juniors of Minneapolis had started off, others came in to the Red Cross office there. The year before a request for Christmas boxes had come in from the superintendent of schools in Lake of the Woods County in the northern part of Minnesota, so the Red Cross people just bundled up the extra boxes full of gifts and sent them to him, saying they hoped he could use them this year. He wrote that he was delighted to have them and that the boxes went to children in homes where there was almost no other sign of Christmas cheer.

LAST Christmas twenty-seven hospitals in the eastern area of the United States asked for stockings for ex-service men. The Juniors in twenty states and the District of Columbia were given the fun of filling more than 8,000 big red stockings with all kinds of good things and gifts for the sick soldiers.

GIFTS and toys left over from the Christmas boxes packed by the Syracuse, New York, Juniors were distributed to the children of ex-service men and to the children in the City Hospital. Books and writing tablets which had been found out to be too big to go into the 335 Christmas stockings for the veterans which were filled by these Juniors were sent to the children in a sanatorium.

IN the Willard Parker Hospital in New York there are thirty children who, because of diphtheria, are invalids, perhaps for life. The deaf children in Public School No. 47 decided that they would remember every one of these young sufferers with a gift. Day after day the deaf children, some of whom had just learned to say a few words since they had been taught to talk in the school, dropped their pennies in the Red Cross box. Some even went without candy at lunch time to save their penny for the box. Six pretty red bags were filled for the smallest children in the hospital. The older Juniors adopted the others and bought such things as books, games and mechanical toys. Then all the deaf children gathered their presents together for the teacher who went in a taxi to give them to the children in the hospital.

ONE of the lame children in Public School No. 188, New York City, had to spend six or eight weeks in a hospital and would be there on Christmas Day. The children in her class showed real thought-

fulness in the gifts they sent. There was a wonderful box of fruits and candy and then a larger box full of presents, such as books, toys, puzzles, handkerchiefs and such things, one to be opened each day from December 25 to February 3 when her treatment would be ended.

JUNIORS of one of the country schools of Wayne County, New York, sent a bushel of apples to a school in another part of the State and received in return a lovely Christmas tree.



The pupils of Public School 47 with the gifts they sent to the diphtheria children in the Willard Parker Hospital

JUNIORS of the towns of northern Indiana worked for weeks before Christmas last year getting ready stacks and stacks of hand-painted greeting cards in prettily colored envelopes. These went to the government hospital at Marion, Indiana, where there were one thousand ex-service men, who sent out the cards to relatives and friends. One mother who received one of the cards from her soldier son said it was the first Christmas card she had had in years.

WHEN the time came to pack the box of Christmas gifts sent out by the Juniors of Bay City, Michigan, to the Government hospital at Hot Springs, Arkansas, it was found that the children in the kindergarten and sub-primary grades had made quantities of red and green paper

chains, wreaths and bells for decorations. The first, second, third and fourth graders had made calendars and match scratchers, and the fifth and sixth grade girls had made trays and favors and nut cups, while the boys had made note pads. The proceeds of a sandwich sale were used to buy nine fine victrola records. Pine boughs and holly were added to the collection, and everyone was proud to send such an attractive box to the soldiers.

IN the Philippines the lepers all live on the island of Culion, where they have comfortable quarters and the best of treatment, so that some of them even get well. The children of lepers do not inherit the disease but may get it from staying with people who have it. So these children and those who have been orphaned by the death of their parents from leprosy have a special home provided for them in Manila. Last year the Juniors of Concepcion in the province of Tarlac remembered these less fortunate children with a lovely package of Christmas things.

THE Juniors of Chattanooga, Tennessee, were asked to bring in their old toys to be repaired and sent to other children for Christmas. This was one of the little thank-you poems that was read at assembly in the school that responded:

IF TOYS COULD TALK

I used to be a choo choo train
Upon a nice new track.
But a little boy grew tired of me,
And threw me on a rack.

I fell down in a corner,
And broke off one of my wheels.
If you've never been a choo choo train,
You don't know how that feels.

I stayed there 'till the paint rubbed off,
My body got quite rusty.
And never would I have believed
That I could get so dusty.

The Boy Scouts took me to a hall,
There I was scrubbed and painted.
And when I learned I was a Christmas gift,
Do you know I almost fainted.

They took me to a little boy
Whom Santa might not see.
And I made him just as happy
As a little boy can be.

So bring the toys that you're tired of,
Toys that you've thrown away,
And the Scouts will make them over
For gifts on Christmas Day.

JUNIORS of the Lincoln School, San Juan, Porto Rico, entertained the soldiers at the Monte Flores Sanatorium last Christmas Eve. Some of the bags which had come from the United States for our soldiers in Porto Rico were left over and these were given to the Lincoln Juniors to distribute among the sick ex-service men at Monte Flores. One of the men was delighted when, away off there miles and miles from home, he got a bag which had been packed and sent by Juniors in his own home town in the United States.

JUNIORS of Orange, Texas, made clever "housewives" as Christmas gifts for disabled ex-service men. The attractive little book was bound in a red paper cover on the front of which there was a cutout of a Christmas tree topped by a star. The green page underneath



Dramatics of all kinds delight Hungarian children. These boys are celebrating Christmas time with a "Bethlehem" play

with a bit of silver paper gave the effect of fir tree and star. Pasted on the pages of each book were a package of needles, cards of black and white thread and sets of round white buttons.

Letters like this went with the "housewives":

DEAR SOLDIER:

I am sending you this little book hoping that it will please you. Wishing that you would get well, I am

Your friend,

ROSA LEE JONES.

SOON after the hurricane hit southern Florida Miss June Lomas, the Junior Red Cross secretary in Miami, organized a clothes distributing station at the Central High School. Quantities of second-hand clothing were distributed and twenty-five volunteers were kept busy repairing and making garments for children from the salvaged material given by merchants.

The Elks added \$2,000 to an earlier gift, on condition that all of it should be used for children. Shoes were bought with some of this. When school opened the things were moved to a special Junior Red Cross Shop in the center of the city. Juniors of New York, Chattanooga and Boston have already sent in children's dresses, coveralls and underclothes which they have made. The clothes are beautifully made, of good materials and in well assorted sizes. Members of the Miami Junior Council help Miss Lomas in the shop between 8 and 11 in the morning and 1 and 5 in the afternoon.

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Health Pilgrims of Austria

ON A roof in Vienna are fifty children from six to fourteen years of age. They all have tuberculosis and so they must spend a great deal of their time in the beds ranged on the house-top in a big open square. There is a shed roof over the beds, but no walls shut off the air. Twenty student teachers in white aprons are moving about. One is from Switzerland, another is from Czechoslovakia. They have been sent from their countries to study in Vienna under one of the world's greatest children's doctors, Dr. Pirquet.

One teacher is distributing toys, one is helping the patients who are out of bed to do their lessons in a white, airy, sunny school-room. One is serving cups of milk from a tray.

Some of the children scamper about, but others must lie down, quite still, all day long. From their roof they can see the tower of the old St. Stephen's Cathedral where the Crusaders used to kneel and pray on their way to try to regain Jerusalem from the Moslems.

Sometimes all the children sing. Dr. Pirquet does not object. He says it is good for them. At certain hours the nearly-well ones get out of bed if they feel like it and play.

Downstairs in the big hospital others of these white-capped students are working like nurses in the glass cubicles where there are children with infectious diseases. The children can see each other through the glass partitions but they cannot hear each other if they try to talk, though mostly they are too sick to try.

In the afternoon these student teachers have lessons about the care of children and about how people should live if they are to keep well. At their final examination the teachers give a health lesson. Last time they taught the children on the roof about the

food value of an apple. Then they showed the right way to bathe and dress a baby. They used both a doll and a real baby for this. When they go out to the villages and small towns after their year of study with Dr. Pirquet, each takes a big doll with her for the village girls to practice on until they learn to bathe and dress babies properly.

Some weeks ago when I was in the province of Burgenland I happened to be in a village of about 1,000 population. There I saw one of Austria's new health pilgrims at work. The young teacher gathered all the girls of thirteen or fourteen and gave them a three-day course of lectures about health. She showed them how to bathe and take care of babies, she told them how best to fight against tuberculosis, and showed them many pictures.

After school the mothers came and asked her advice, and in the evening the teachers in the village schools took lessons from her so that they might make their hygiene classes more interesting. After two or three days there, the teacher went to another village or small town where she stayed perhaps a week, doing the same kind of thing.

Fifteen or twenty teachers like this one travel through all of Austria. They have been taught how to spread knowledge about health by Dr. Pirquet.

Twenty teachers come each year to live in the big hospital in Vienna where he works. Then they go traveling about, taking a knowledge of health into even the far-off villages.

The course of training with Dr. Pirquet was first made possible for these wandering teachers by money sent by American Juniors. Now the Society of Friends gives most to support it, but you still contribute something from your National Children's Fund. Your money is helping to fit these health missionaries for their quiet, steady persistent work that goes right to the foundation of things.



A little Austrian girl who has been listening to the health lessons of the traveling teacher

* Dr. Viola is the head of the Junior Red Cross in Austria and the editor of the delightful magazine which brings pleasure to more than fifty thousand Juniors in that country every month.

